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Micro Fiction (226 Words)

Coffee Rocket

So I nylon-strapped a pair of fancy pink rockets on either side of the frame. Wasn't hard: it was just an old rocking horse from a demoed burger shack, now painted electric blue with a funny white and silver stripe and some artificial flowers for a mane. Blue and green, even. Oh, and I plopped two "google eyes" on the horse's head, from a bag of twenty I got at a thrift store. One little pupil even had a small crack, which I noticed too late. Hm. So I whipped out the old man's compass, the one he stole from Japan with all the cool characters I couldn't even read...but I do know my NSEW, so hey. Figured I'd just see if the horse was pointed well. Done. Perfect. Okay, it's time. I sit down on the rocking horse, put my Vans® on the ringers, then hit the brass-stripped wiring gash attached to both rockets. Woosh! Away we went. Sounded like a dragster. Almost like flying except I kept spilling coffee...and discovered pretty quick I couldn't turn left or right. Uh oh. Zoooooom...right into a pole at the underpass. I hear it took a small crew to pick up the mess. Back to the drawing board, I reckon. Maybe a shiny new shopping cart this run, with big tires and checkerboard hydraulic flaps. Want a coffee?

End.